Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the World I liud, I was the Worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right.

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Bero. Pompey the great.

Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Bero. Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*

Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit* Boy.
Peda. Iudas *I am.*

Dum.

Dum. A Iudas.

Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas *I am, ecliped* Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus *clipt, is plaine*

Bero. A kissing traytour. How art t

Peda. Iudas I am.

Duma. The more shame for you *Iud*

Peda. What meane you sir?

Boyet. To make *Iudas* hang him selfe

Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bero. Well folowed, *Iudas* was hange

Pedan. I will not be put out of count

Bero. Becausе thou hast no face.

Pedan. What is this?

Boyet. A Cytterne head.

Duma. The head of a Bodkin.

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring.

Long. The face of an olde Roman co

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsars* Fauchi

Duma. The carud-bone face on a Fl

Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a

Duma. I and in a Brooch of Lead.

Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a

And now forward, for we haue put thee

Peda. You haue put me out of count

Bero. False, we haue giuen thee face

Peda. But you haue outfaste them all

Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we wo

Boyet. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let

And so adue sweete *Iude.* Nay, Why do

Duma. For the latter ende of his nam

Bero. For the *Asse* to the *Iude:* giue i

Pedan. This is not generous, not gent

Boyet. A light for Mounsier *Iudas,* i

may stumble.

Quee. Alas poore *Machabeus,* how

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